

seventeen

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CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

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It's all yours

If you're a budding teen-age writer,
poet, artist, photographer,
here is your chance



A camera tells of a boy's sadness

Ode to a Bitten Plum

BY SYLVIA PLATH

*Firm, rounded fruit
in the palm of my hand:*

*Taut, iridescent skin,
cool and purple-black
as the iris of an eye,
hazed with smoke-blue.*

*resilient flesh,
translucent amber,
honey-clear,
melting into quartz-green
and glassed yellow ocher.*

*sirup spilling,
nectar-sweet and fragrant
as rain-wet carnations.*

*gold veins,
thread-thin
patterned fibers
converging to the heart,
to the almond-brown core.*

*Inside your oval stone
is the secret of the ages hid;
the mystic knotted twining
of a tangled vineyard
and the gnarled boughs
of an ancient orchard
interlacing
beside a sun-blue sea.*

*Encased in the wooden shell,
enclosed in the small, tight darkness
is the pale green twilight;
the timeless peace of centuries,
the magic hush of deep grass
and deeper leaves
wreathed in an enchanted garland.*

*Beauty of a bitten fruit
quiet in my warm hand.*



EDWARD WALLOWITCH likes to photograph around his Philadelphia neighborhood with a Seventeen now, Eddie has taken such photos Last summer they attracted attention, New of Modern Art bought three for its perm

Session at the Savoy

BY CAL KOLBE

*The melody was simple enough,
Played straight.
The Sax man blew the notes out,
Letting them fall where they might.
The liquid tones flowed gently
Into the smoke-filled room,
Soothing, restful.
And then the impatient trumpet
Blasted him aside.
With one blatant note
He ripped the tune wide open.
That started the free-for-all.
The 'bone came in then,
And it was a battle between
The trumpet, 'bone and the
Suddenly roused alto.
Finally they got together.
For a few brief measures
Comparative harmony was retained.
Then the drummer decided
To liven the beat.
Respectfully, the other men
Muted, and gradually
Ceased playing.
For me he was Great. Really fine.
No flash, this one.
His sticks beat rhythmically
With an oddly syncopated beat.
Now the brushes, then the tom-toms,*

*Back to the sticks.
With a last breathless flourish
The crash of the cymbal.
That was the signal.
The band was charged with
Feverish intensity.
The Bass man plucking
Rich, resonant chords from
Huge, battered fiddle.
The pianist in a brief solo,
Rumbling and rocking with
Exquisite rhythm.
Again the 'bone. The long
Shiny thing gleamed bright
As the notes emerged, effort
Ending with a lonely, sensu
Then the effervescent trun
Burst in, with a staccato r
Urgent, irresistible, terrifi
Back to the sax.
Slowly at first, and then
A quickening of tempo.
Faster, faster, as the bro
Hands fingered the many
In unfailing skill, emitting
Unbelievable sounds.
All together now,
As the melody threads bac
Substance.*



SYLVIA PLATH wrote a story a lot of you liked—"And Summer Will Not Come Again," in our August issue. She's seventeen and graduated from Wellesley, Mass., High School in June and has a full scholarship to Smith College. Last summer she biked five miles each day to work as a farmhand!



CAL KOLBE knows what she wants—a tion copy for a record company. The talents for writing and music. Her poen the many jazz sessions she has hear (eighteen years) New Englander. Hom